

Bronchial Asthma.



Bronchial asthma only differs from others in the fact that it appears localized in the chest rather than higher up. There is a spasmodic struggle for breath that often amounts to real agony. The breath is short and painful.

The cause is pressure upon spinal nerves in the dorsal, or upper back between the shoulders, and adjusting at this point is the only means of getting at and removing the nerve pressure which is the cause of this disease. Those suffering from this ailment frequently have a humped curve in the backbone in the neck and upper shoulder region. Adjusting has been responsible for the restoration of thousands who thought themselves doomed to a life time of suffering from this disease.

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CAST ON THE WATERS

By MARIAN LEE

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"The bell is ringing, uncle."
"Let it ring. You don't get me out a night like this."
"But somebody wants to get across the river."
"Then let them swim."
"Shall I go?"
"You'll have to if you're so anxious about it."

With the maudlin and ungracious words Martin Dale turned over on the couch on which he lay and the girl, Alice, threw a waterproof cape over her shoulders and went out into the darkness and storm.

It was a relief to get away from the liquor freighted air of the room where she had sat poring over a book in the feeble lamp light. Reading and rousing amid nature comprised the only grateful breaks for Alice in an existence almost unendurable. There was not a possible girl companion within miles and the rickett, half furnished old ruin of a building where Martin Dale had drunk and dozed half his life away had not a homelike feature. Left an orphan and penniless, her fate would have been the almshouse had not Dale, her half-uncle, adopted her.

Alice had become an expert in handling the ferryboat. It required both strength and skill to operate the great slotted wooden bar which pulled the boat along the thick rope cable, but she was able to exert both to a point of careful efficiency. She lit and set the lantern on the boat. It was raining hard and blowing a gale, but she was used to all kinds of weather, toil and discomfort.

Alice drove the scow ashore after crossing the river to find a man of about thirty pacing restlessly to and fro and who the moment the craft came within reach jumped aboard. He carried a basket quite roomy and covered with a piece of waterproof closely tucked in all about the edges. He placed this very carefully under the half boarded space under the seat at the stern. Seemed very solicitous about it, but did not seat himself.

"Hurry!" he spoke, nervously striding over the wet boards. "I shall pay you well if you do."

Alice bent studiously to her task. She wondered who the handsome, well-dressed stranger could be, but her mind was practically absorbed by her duties, for never in all her experience had she faced a more severe task than the present one. The breeze had arisen to a hurricane and the current at times swept the bulky, clumsy craft to the extreme straining point of parting the cable.

"Snap!" It came as she had feared. The ancient knotted, mended rope had been unable to withstand the present fierce attack upon its rotten strands. With a shiver and then a series of dizzying whirrs the scow swung out of all control.

"Hold to something!" she cried, herself clinging to an upright at the side of the craft. The lantern swung loose and was engulfed, and down stream the boat swung with those on board completely at the mercy of wind and water.

Then there was a crack. The craft had struck a rock, parted, floated on a shattered wreck and Alice, hurtled into the waters, saw the passenger struggling in midstream. She grasped the basket as it floated near her and reached the shore in safety. She set it on the ground and ran along striving to discern some further trace of the passenger. Then, excited and awed, she hurried home, roused up Dale, and he, seizing a lantern, hastened away, his wrecked craft and the imperiled passenger in his mind.

He never returned and his body was later recovered at a dam down the river. And meantime Alice had made a startling discovery. In the basket she found a babe less than a year old and under it a wallet containing a large amount of bank notes. Concerning the child Alice told the entire true story. The finding of the money she did not relate. She adopted the little refugee with a new joy in life, using none of the money except for its needs, and operated a new small boat at the ferry alone.

Somehow to Alice, inexperienced as she was, the faith grew in her mind that some day developments concerning the missing passenger and her little protegee would come to light, and one day two months after that eventful night she returned from a stroll in the woods, the little one in her arms, to confront a man seated waiting for her outside the ferry house.

He was pale of face, attenuated of form and suggested a person just convalescent from a severe spell of illness. At once Alice recognized him as the ill-fated passenger of the ferryboat the night of the storm.

Robert Lisle recited what Alice had anticipated—a marvelous rescue from drowning and weeks of sickness in a hospital. Then he had started back the trail to learn what had become of the little child of his dead sister whom he had removed from unfeeling relatives.

Alice wept at the thought of losing the little one whom she had come to love so dearly. An offer of money enough to make her independent was no balm for her grief. She begged to be allowed to go with little Mabel as her nurse. The heart of Robert Lisle was deeply touched and he could not part them. She went as nurse, indeed, but within a year the happy, obscure ferry girl became the honored wife of the man she had met so strangely.

GRAVE OF FOUR DYNASTIES

Ambitions of Austria, Russia, Germany and Turkey All Lie Buried in the Balkans.

We stood on the forward deck of the Sirio as she slipped southward, through the placid waters of the Adriatic, at 20 knots an hour. Less than a league away the Balkan mountains, savage, mysterious, forbidding, rose in a rocky rampart against the eastern sky.

"Did it ever occur to you," remarked the Italian officer who stood beside me, a noted historian in his own land, "that four great empires have died as a result of their lust for dominion over the restless lands which lie beyond those mountains? Austria coveted Serbia—and the empire of the Hapsburg is in fragments now. Russia, seeing her influence in the peninsula imperiled, hastened to the support of her fellow Slavs—but Russia has gone down in red ruin, and the Romanoffs are dead. Germany, seeking a gateway to the warm water, and a highway to the East, seized on the excuse thus offered to launch her waiting armies—and the empire reared by the Hohenzollerns is bankrupt and broken. Turkey fought to retain her hold on such European territory as still remained under the crescent banner. Today a postmortem is about to be held on the Turkish empire and the house of Osman.

"Think of it! Four great empires, four ancient dynasties, lie buried over there in the Balkans. It is something more than a range of mountains at which we are looking; it is the wall of a cemetery."—E. Alexander Powell in Scribner's Magazine.

The Way of the World.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones were neighbors. Mr. Smith had a garden, and Mr. Jones kept chickens. Now can you see the possibilities? Well, they didn't come off.

Mr. Smith had an only son, and Mr. Jones had an only daughter. Can you imagine what happened? Well, it didn't.

The year was a dry one, and Mr. Smith's garden did not materialize. Mr. Jones's daughter came over to sympathize, and she did it so well that Mr. Smith, who was a widower and well fixed, married her. Such is life—real life.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Clemenceau and Heaven.

The latest Clemenceau anecdote that is going the rounds of the boulevards is to the effect that the premier was annoyed because a tree in the neighboring garden overshadowed his. The tree was the property of some Jesuit fathers, on whom M. Clemenceau called, politely explaining that his attitude to the church was unchanged, but he would regard it as a personal favor if the Jesuit fathers would cut down the tree, "because it prevents me from seeing the heavens." The Jesuit father who received him was very courteous and was much flattered by the premier's call. He promised that the offending tree should be speedily removed, but he added, with the suave smile of the ecclesiastic: "I am afraid, M. le Premier, that, just the same, you will not see heaven."—London Morning Post.

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Russian Painters Thriving.

"Art," so far as the production of pictures is concerned, is said to have had a great boom in bolshevist Russia owing to the fact that the government pays a liberal amount for all works approved by official experts.

The whole domain of art has been placed under the control of a council of seven members, four of whom are apostles of futurism. Artists' earnings have been increased through a rule established by the council under which all pictures that pass the judges are to be paid for at the uniform rate of 7,000 rubles each.

Whether the artist has devoted months of assiduous labor to a picture or whether it is a dab which has taken a few hours to paint, the recompense is the same. With such encouragement the number of artists in Russia is increasing rapidly.

Town Sells for \$10,000.

The entire town of Moneta, Wyo., has been sold for \$10,000. The purchaser, John Goodman, received title from A. Kanison, who founded Moneta twenty years ago, to the following: One townsite of forty lots, one eight-room hotel, one five-room cottage, one three-room cottage, two two-room cottages, one large livery barn, one railroad eating house and a miscellaneous assortment of outbuildings. No person other than Goodman owns a single thing in Moneta, but the Chicago and Northwestern owns the right of way on which the town site fronts and a small depot building on this right of way.—Christian Science Monitor.

LOOKED LIKE SURE TROUBLE

Little Wonder Courtroom Was in Panic Over Colored Woman's Spectacular Appearance.

During a trial of a colored man in the criminal court recently on a charge of murder, there was considerable nervous tension in the courtroom, the result of remarks that had been made that some one was "going to start something," regardless of the outcome of the case. The courtroom was crowded to capacity, and several police officers were stationed about the room.

At an impressive moment, while the defendant was on the witness stand, a commotion was heard at one of the courtroom doors. Into the midst of the nervous spectators walked a large colored woman who carried in one hand a formidable-looking rifle. Policemen and detectives seized her and rushed her into an outside room, where they began examining the weapon. It was not loaded. She explained that she had been in juvenile court in a case in which the rifle had been used as evidence.

Before going home, she said, she decided to hear some of the evidence in the murder case. She and her rifle were sent out of the building, and the murder trial was resumed.—Indianapolis News.

Christian Science service Sunday 11 a. m. Wednesday evening meetings every week at 8:00. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services. Building & Loan building, room 25.

CATTLE FEEDERS ARE FAR BEHIND IN GAME.

(Kearney Hub.)

Raisers of cattle in this section of the state have been hard hit carrying over their stock and feeding it during the winter months. It is stated that some feeders have lost as much as forty dollars per head on cattle that they carried during the winter. Feed has been almost prohibitive in price and the open range was snowed in early last fall, and is late in cropping out this spring. Coupled with this there came a sharp break in the market, at a time when feeders are ready to unload.

A number of farmers residing along the Loup, who sold cattle on Omaha and Kansas City markets during the past few weeks, cry "never again." They not alone failed to make earnings on their work or profit on their investment but most cases did not recover their original investment.

Apparently raisers of cattle on western ranges fared little better. They were caught by a short hay crop, early fall storms, necessitating the shipment of their unconditioned cattle into nearby state where feed was more plentiful, this at a loss to them. But it was their only alternative. Today, when the range should again be open to them, they are clamoring for high priced alfalfa from this or any other state to meet their needs in the way of feed.

The crimp put into cattle feeders during the winter will in all probability result in many farmers abandon-

ing the cattle feeding game this fall and cause them to turn their attention to other lines.

Spelling by Ear.

A simplified spelling society in London has developed a form of language with a one sound, one symbol notation of letters and diphthongs. A sample of the system in operation is furnished as follows:

"Wans upon a tym a rich lord and his wyf had a littl boi and a littl girl boom dhal luvd veri much. Wun dnl dho good mudder became veri ill. In a short tym dho faader aulso fel ill. . . . If eu doo this I will give each of eu a purs ov goold."

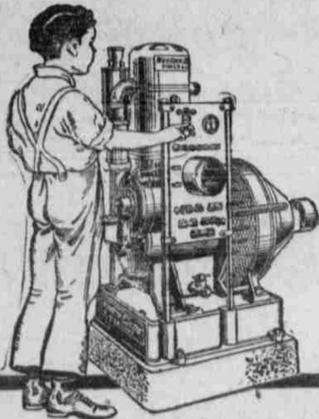
The system looks very much like spelling by ear. It ought not to require any very complicated system of rules. In fact, many people habitually spell by ear without the authority of the society's diction. There are many people who have given up further attempts at mastering English as it is spelled today, and these would welcome a phonetic reform with great joy.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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